

## To Draw a Horse

To draw a horse  
begin with kindness  
sketch out its lines with  
the gentlest of fingers

form out the eyes;  
soften the muzzle  
shade out the forelock,  
shape out the tail.

Give it a pat,  
Ask it to hold;  
fluff mane and withers  
allow them to flow

from arch of the neck  
to curve of the spine;  
bend down the hocks  
feather the pasterns,

deepen the fetlocks,  
add a belly that rolls,  
round out the knees  
make solid the hooves.

Use stencils for stables,  
graphites for barns,  
etch out the meadows –  
blade down the grass;

add dewdrops of dawn,  
breathfuls of hay;  
sprinkle clover, alfafa,  
odd sprig of rye.

Weave dreams of sunrise  
into hands of firm patience –  
soft on the mouth and  
light with your fingers;

find a good numnah  
a saddle that fits;  
a bit that won't chafe,  
leathers which fit.

Then, ride out

Into the raw courage of  
fifteen thoroughbred hearts  
sixty hooves pounding  
to the roar of the crowd.

In the deep, tender nuance  
of finger and feet:  
every twitch an impulsion,  
every twinge a behest.

Through the drawn pregnant pause  
'twist earth and sky –  
breaks in the stride of a  
showjumper in flight.

Over racing vistas wild and wide  
vast horizons far as the eye  
all the running horses  
beneath a westering sky.

And

at the last, end  
where you had begun:  
in a meadow at sunset,  
framed with summer song

sketch in a shadow  
small, soft and warm:  
a foal by her dam  
eyes and ear high,

a wisp of breath  
a life.